

Us Fragile Things by richiegeck0s

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Angst and Fluff and Smut, Dirty Talk, F/M, Multiple Orgasms, Oral Sex, Unprotected Sex, Use of Alcohol and Tobacco, Vaginal Fingering, Vaginal Sex, alternative universe - no supernatural elements, eventual pregnancy, mature Billy, mentions of abuse, so many things to tag whoops, this is very smut heavy tbh

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Summary:

in which Valerie Martin and Billy Hargrove find each other for the first time in four years in a dive bar and realize the difference those four years can make.

1. September 1

SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1989

Leaning back against the brick wall of the outside of the bar, Valerie Martin watched her friend cup her hands around her eyes to stare into the dark bar that was their usual hangout. It was chilly for the first of September, and she shivered slightly, wishing she'd thought to bring a jacket.

"I think they're closed, Char," Valerie told her with a sigh, watching as Charlotte pulled on the door handle again for good measure.

"Yeah, I know," she said, her purple painted lips pouting as she turned around to face Valerie. "I've just been thinking about a \$1 margarita all day, and now I feel cheated."

Valerie huffed out a laugh as Charlotte walked away from the door with slumped shoulders.

"Do you want to try another bar, or did you just want to head straight to Amy's? I'm fine with going home, doesn't matter to me," she told her roommate, imagining a quiet night to herself on the sofa at home. She'd spent more than half an hour on her hair and make up to go out, but she hardly hated the thought changing out of her heels and tights and into sweatpants.

"We'll try somewhere else!" Charlotte was quick to say, already nodding as she looked each way down the sidewalk. "It's our senior year, and we're not breaking our tradition of first Friday shots just because Pinky's is closed." Her tone was firm, invoking the mention of tradition to keep Valerie from weaseling her way out of drinks. "Besides, this is the first year we've both been legal to do it, so it was supposed to be extra fun and public."

Charlotte was like that, all about tradition and pomp and circumstance. They'd been a random pairing for roommates their freshman year of college and had barely spoken their first week until Charlotte pulled out a bottle of vodka and poured them each a healthy shot, declaring it a celebration of making it through their first

week of classes. They became fast friends after that and decided to live together through the rest of their college years, becoming best friends in the process.

Valerie didn't try to argue with her and mirrored her friend in looking up and down the street. Downtown was quieter tonight than she'd expected for a college town, "I'm pretty sure there's a bar over on Dorsey. I've never been, so I'm not sure what it's like, but I'm sure it'll work for first Friday shots. Plus, it's closer to Amy's," she said, nodding in the direction of the bar.

"Okay, yeah, that sounds good. I'll hang around for a drink or two, then head to Amy's," Charlotte agreed, nodding as she linked her arm with Valerie's to step away from Pinky's.

As they walked, their heels clicked against the pavement, but they were silent otherwise, and Valerie's mind wandered to how different things would be a year from now. In 365 days, she intended to be starting her first year of teaching, and Charlotte would be starting law school. Neither of them really knew where they'd end up after this year, and it scared Valerie a little more than she'd like to admit, not sure she was ready to be on her own for the first time.

The bar was well hidden between the other downtown shops that Valerie almost missed it, and as soon as she opened the door, she felt out of place. Pinky's bordered on trendy and was usually full of college kids, but this place, whose name Valerie couldn't even remember, seemed hidden on purpose. It became clear quite quickly that she and Charlotte were the youngest people in the bar, which seemed to be filled with townies for the most part. Like an episode of *Cheers*, it felt like the whole bar seemed to turn and look at them as they walked in.

Charlotte, never one to be bothered by standing out, spotted a table in the back and pulled Valerie along with her. Most of the patrons were male, a few of them turning their heads to watch as the two of them slipped past on their way to the table. The bar was heavy with smoke and buzzing with chatter and scattered laughs. When she sat down and looked around a little more, Valerie started to feel overdressed in her heavy v-neck sweater and tight corduroy skirt she wore over snagged tights.

“Are we still sticking to vodka, like always?” Charlotte asked, still standing in anticipation of going up to the bar.

“Fine by me. Get a slice of lime too, and a PBR please,” Valerie said, making a mental note to pay her roommate back later, even if she wouldn’t take it. Charlotte nodded, smiling as she turned to go up to the bar in her tight jeans and equally tight neon blue tanktop.

Left alone for the moment, Valerie tapped her thumb against the wooden table top idly, glancing around again. This time she noticed a few people closer to their age and felt a little more at ease. There were a group of guys probably in their early to mid-twenties at the far end of the bar, and the shoulders and hair of one seemed weirdly familiar. Before she could take longer to try and place the familiarity, Charlotte returned, drinks in hand.

Valerie thanked her roommate quietly as the blonde put her requested items down in front of her before taking a seat across the table. She’d matched Valerie’s own order, smiling as she picked up her shot glass and opened her mouth.

“Time for the speech?” Valerie teased, cutting the girl off before she could even start. The comment earned her a gentle kick under the table, and they each laughed as Charlotte held the shot glass even higher.

“Of course it is, who do you think I am?” she responded, clearing her throat as her eyebrows knit together briefly. Valerie couldn’t help but roll her eyes, grinning as she too picked up her shot glass. “Three years ago, we barely knew each other, but we made it through our first week of college together. In those three years, I feel like we’ve earned the upgrade from Burnett’s to Grey Goose, and a lot has changed since then, obviously. I was in the closet, you were still a virgin.” It was Valerie’s turn to kick her under the table lightly at that, and Charlotte paused to laugh with her again. “But, here we are, our last official first Friday shots before we’re actual grown ups, and we’ve made it this far, together, and now we’ll take this shot, together, so cheers, I guess?” She ended her speech with a shrug and another quick laugh then clinking her glass against Valerie’s, and they both swallowed the shot in one go.

Grimacing as the vodka went down, Valerie reached for the lime in front of her to she sucked the juice from it to chase the liquor. Her face was twisted into a stupid expression, doing her best not to full body shudder from the shot, and she turned her said to the side, just as the familiar boy with strong shoulders and honey colored curls turned as well and looked right at her.

The shock of recognition hit Valerie hard, making her gasp and sending lime juice down the wrong pipe to make her choke. Her reaction was completely obvious and she still coughing as she turned back Charlotte who looked concerned. Her coughing caught the attention of one of the older townies at the bar who also turned to look at her before his attention returned to the beer bottle in front of him.

“Are you okay?” Charlotte asked, frowning slightly as Valerie opened her can of beer to take a drink once she was able to breath properly.

“Yeah,” Valerie croaked, clearing her throat and taking another sip of beer. God, her face was absolutely burning, and she could feel it all the way down her neck. “The guy at the bar, in the green shirt. I went to high school with him. I thought he looked familiar before I even saw his face, but it just surprised me that it was actually him, I guess.” Valerie couldn’t stop herself from sinking into her chair a little more, pushing her wavy, dark hair out of her face.

Charlotte’s eyebrows rose in interest and turned her head just enough to discreetly look in the direction that had sent her best friend into such a state of shock. “With the blonde hair?” she clarified and Valerie nodded. “Yeah, he’s still looking over here...and there he goes, his attention’s back on his friends for now.” Her shoulders relaxed slightly at that news and she took a long drink of beer as Charlotte finally opened hers. “He’s cute. What’s his name?”

“Billy Hargrove. And he knows he’s cute, trust me,” Valerie told her, scoffing quietly as her mind wandered back to Hawkins High School, over an hour away. She wished she could say she had forgotten all about Billy Hargrove, that he never crossed her mind, but that would certainly be a lie. He liked to creep into her thoughts late at night with those gorgeous eyes and his pouty mouth, making her wish she was bold and wild like he had always been.

"Yeah, I can tell just by looking at him," Charlotte responded, unable to stop herself from laughing a little. She nudged Valerie under the table again, grinning as she sipped at her own beer. "Was he mean to you?"

"He was kind of the type that was mean to everyone, I guess, but he never like, targeted me or anything. He graduated a year ahead of me, so we only had one class together," Valerie explained, remembering the lingering smell of smoke and his cologne that she'd gotten so used to during the semester they'd been lab partners in chemistry.

"Hm," Charlotte responded, nodding as she mulled the words over. "You gonna just ignore him?"

"I planned on it, yeah," she admitted, shrugging as she straightened her back some.

"Good." The word came with a wide smile from the blonde who knocked her beer can against Valerie's with a soft metallic *clink*.

The two of them chatted comfortably for a while, nursing their beers as they felt the Grey Goose shots hit. Charlotte was her usual happy self, talking about what Jerry, the asshole in all of her economics courses, had said earlier while Valerie tried to forget about the blast from the past up at the bar. She was only half listening really, trying to remember the last time she'd even seen Billy Hargrove. His graduation, probably. She had heard he'd picked up a job at the Hawkins pool that summer and in turn, avoided that place like nobody's business.

Just as she was tipping the PBR back to swallow the last of it, the bartender brought over another beer and sat it in front of her.

"I didn't order this," Valerie was quick to say, practically leaning back from the can on the table.

"A guy at the bar sent it over, said he thinks he knows you," the man told her with a shrug that said 'I'm just doing my job.' As the bartender stepped away, he took the empty shot glasses and beer cans with him, one of each stained with Charlotte's purple lipstick

and the rim of the others stained with the wine color of Valerie's.

The man's words made Charlotte let out a bark of laughter as soon as he stepped away, bringing a hand up to cover her mouth a second later as Valerie grimaced. "Damn, and I was just gonna get up to head to Amy's," Charlotte said, sounding truly disappointed that contact had been made right as she was about to leave. She sighed softly, glancing at the watch on her wrist. "I can stay if you want me to." Her tone was almost hopeful and she was grinning in a way that said she herself wanted to stay to see how it all unfolded.

Valerie thought on it for a moment, pressing her lips together before shaking her head. "No, it's alright, go see your girlfriend. I'll probably head home soon anyway. Tell Amy I said hi," she said, smiling as convincingly as she could manage. Charlotte pouted a bit but shrugged, getting to her feet and coming around to hug Valerie from the side.

"Okay," she said, dragging the word out as an exaggerated whine then grinning wildly. "I'll see you tomorrow!" Valerie nodded and matched her roommate's smile as the girl took off.

With Charlotte gone, Valerie reached for the beer in front of her, opening it as she ran her tongue along her teeth and took a drink. She was doing her best to will herself not to turn around and look to see if Billy was still there, but the buzz of the shot and the first beer made it harder not to give into that urge. If she knew what was good for her, she would've left with Charlotte and walked home, pretending that she hadn't seen or thought of Billy Hargrove at all. She didn't want to know him anymore, didn't want to know anything about Hawkins, Indiana, didn't want to be or know the person she was when he'd last seen her.

Tipsy and stewing in the thoughts she usually buried until late at night when she was thinking about endless 'what if's, Valerie didn't notice Billy walking toward her table until it was too late. He stood behind Charlotte's empty chair, both hands on it like he was contemplating sitting down as he looked at her. Valerie blinked at him, just barely tilting her head up and hoping she didn't look too wide-eyed. From his expression, she gathered he was still trying to place who she was.

“Thanks for the drink,” she said finally, raising her eyebrows once before taking a sip of the beer in her hand. He looked so good that she was surprised she hadn’t stumbled over the words. His hair was a little shorter than she remembered and he was, so far, lacking the passive scowl he’d always worn.

Billy scoffed, grinning with the slightest hint of a dimple. “Is that really all you’re gonna give me here?” he said, clearly dragging his tongue along the edge of his teeth.

“You gonna sit down?” Valerie asked, straightening up in her seat in an effort to look more confident than she actually felt.

She watched as Billy’s jaw clenched briefly as he looked back toward his friends still at the bar, then pulled the chair out to sit down. Somehow, Valerie decided, this was worse. He seemed closer now, much more in her space, and she subconsciously tucked her feet under her chair as if accidentally nudging him would make him vanish into thin air. Billy was still looking at her and she swore she could hear the gears churning in his head.

“I know that I know you,” he said, leaning forward in his seat with his elbows on the table. Valerie nodded once, the corners of her mouth aching with the urge to grin. “If I buy you another drink, will you give me a hint?”

Damn, that was a smooth line.

“Get me the drink first,” she said, a smug smile sliding onto her face. Thank god for alcohol, honestly. As she took a long sip of the beer in her hand to finish it off, Valerie couldn’t help but feel powerful and mysterious as she set the empty can down on the table top.

Billy looked impressed, nodding once just as Valerie had earlier, and got to his feet. “You want another beer, or a shot of whatever it was you choked on earlier?” The question caught her off guard as he lingered at the table and she laughed, bringing a hand up to tuck her hair behind her ear.

“Vodka shot, with a lime wedge,” Valerie said, actually smiling a little this time. He didn’t say anything else before starting towards

the bar, and Valerie let herself exhale. None of this felt real, and she found herself staring at Billy's back as he stood at the bar, wondering if he'd disappear otherwise.

"If I'm being honest here, I never thought Val Martin would be one to shoot vodka," he said when he returned, offering a wink as he sat the shot glass and lime down in front of her. Valerie's head had shot up to meet his eye at the mention of the nickname, realizing he had been the last, and only person, to call her that.

"Took you long enough," she responded as Billy took his seat across from her again. He held her gaze, and smirked. "Let me guess, so many girls, so little time?" There was a teasing tone to her voice, enjoying the chance to potentially bring his ego down a bit.

"Ouch, that was brutal," Billy said, putting a hand on his heart as he leaned back in his chair a little. He'd gotten a shot for himself as well, a brown liquor, but she wasn't sure exactly what.

"What did you think my shot of choice was then?" Valerie asked, leaning into the table a little as she picked up her shot glass.

"Tequila. Jack, maybe," he said, shrugging slightly as he grinned. He mirrored her action, picking up his shot all while maintaining eye contact with her. "Cheers to the angel who's the only reason I graduated."

Valerie couldn't argue with that. With a tight smile, she brought her glass to clink against his, and they only looked away from each other to swallow down the shots. Her face pinched as she sucked on the lime a second later, opening her eyes again to find Billy watching her, just glad she hadn't choked this time.

With the empty glasses on the table, they were both silent for a moment, and knew that Billy hadn't been exaggerating what he'd said. He'd told her the same thing after their chemistry final.

"I never thought I'd see you anywhere near Indiana again, dead or alive," Valerie said to break the silence. Her buzz was growing, and she leaned to rest an elbow on the table, resting her chin in her palm as she looked at him. She was pretty sure he'd sworn that exact thing

to her at least twice before.

"I left for a while after high school, moved back to California for a couple of years," he explained, hesitating just slightly and stopping there for a moment. "I just moved to town a couple of months ago. My sister's just started college here, it was cheaper for us to move here together and get a place."

"Max, right? I sat next to her at graduation," Valerie said, but she knew she was right. She remembered how firmly he'd remind people that Max was his *step* -sister, not his sister. People usually learned pretty quickly not to make that mistake again.

"You came to my graduation?" Billy asked, his eyebrows coming together in an expression she couldn't quite read.

Valerie's cheeks flushed slightly and she pursed her lips. "You weren't the only one graduating, y'know. My brother, Ian, was in your class," she informed him, leaning back in her seat as she crossed her arms over her chest.

Billy nodded and was quiet for a moment. "Do you go here too?" he said finally, meeting her eye as he toyed with his empty shot glass idly.

The question surprised her. She'd never heard Billy Hargrove ask someone a question about themselves so casually like that. Thinking back, she wasn't even sure he'd ever asked her anything about herself, period.

"Yeah, I'm graduating with my education degree in May," she told him, and the grin that spread across his face made her heart race inside her chest.

"You gonna be a chemistry teacher?" he asked, and Valerie couldn't help the way she laughed girlishly as she shook her head.

"Social studies is my focus, so I can teach history, and geography. Stuff like that," she explained, his gaze on her so intent that it took effort not to squirm in her seat.

"You'll be a good teacher," he said after a pause with such sincerity

that 17 year old Valerie would've never thought he could muster. The compliment made her cheeks turn rosy and she smiled, feeling the same warmth in her chest as when he had thanked her for her help after their chemistry final.

Valerie had forgotten how....entrancing it was to hold Billy Hargrove's full attention like this. He'd always been so easily distracted by a passing pretty face or short skirt, always being greeted by passerbyers in the library when she'd helped him with his chemistry work that there had been a few times they'd had to meet in empty classrooms just to get him to focus. Being alone with him, it was easy to tell why he did so well for himself with the ladies. He had this way of making girls feel like they were the only person in the world, the only person he'd ever even seen. Even now, it was working like a charm, leaving Valerie willing to do backflips or cartwheels just to keep his attention like this.

"What about you, huh? What are you doing with your life now that you're back in our fine Hoosier state?" Valerie asked after collecting herself a little, an easy smile on her face. She was toeing the line of drunkenness, waiting for that last shot to hit.

Billy grimaced at the mention of the state nickname, shaking his head. "Don't ever fucking say that word around me again," he said, his tone light as he cracked a grin. Valerie actually laughed, nodding in agreement before he continued. "I picked up a factory gig in Hawkins when we were living there, and absolutely fucking hated it. When we moved up here, I worked a few odd jobs, but I started a full time spot in the kitchen in that fancy hotel by the interstate a few weeks ago, mostly doing prep stuff."

It was such a mundane conversation, but Valerie was practically hanging on every word he said. She was back to resting her chin in her hand, leaning into the table and smiling idly as she listened. Honestly, she wasn't sure if she was just drunk or if this Billy was different somehow. She hasn't seen him scowl once, hasn't sense even a tinge of the ever present anger that had absolutely hung around him like a dark cloud in high school.

"How did Max do with her first week of classes?" Valerie asked, hearing her words just barely slur at the end.

Billy shrugged, sighing. "Fine, I guess. She's mostly taking gen eds, and is already bitching about that writing course that all of the freshmen have to take."

Valerie scrunched her nose up at the memory of that class, looking down at her empty shot glass as she fiddled with it nervously. "Yeah, that one fucking sucks. Let her know I'm happy to help if she wants me to proofread or anything for her." She looked up and met Billy's eye easily, knowing her face was flushed.

"I'll tell her, and she'll probably take you up on that. She's still a little pissed at me for telling her to go to college in the first place," he admitted, laughing once as he glanced toward the group he'd started the night with.

"Do you need to get back to your friends?" Valerie asked, licking her lips quickly as she glanced at the clock on the wall. It was nearly midnight already, surprised by how long they spent sitting there and catching up.

"Nah, they'll be alright. They're guys I work with, still don't know some of their names yet," he said, shrugging one shoulder as he leaned back in his chair a little more. Valerie was having a hard time taking her eyes off him and she nodded, her toes curling inside her heels as he held her gaze.

"I'm surprised to find the former keg king of Hawkins hanging out at some townie bar like this when you could be chasing tail at a party closer to campus," she told him, biting her lip.

Billy grinned and shifted in his seat again. "Believe it or not, that's not really my scene anymore," he said and had the audacity to wink at her.

Valerie's eyebrows shot up, looking impressed as she nodded. "If I hadn't seen it myself, I would never have believed it," she responded, her hand coming up to tuck her hair behind her ear. "If I had a drink, I'd suggest a toast to personal growth, but obviously, I'm out and not in need of any more alcohol tonight." She was smiling by the end of it, giggling slightly in a way that she'd hate herself for if she was sober. Billy laughed with her and the sound warmed her to the core.

"I could say the same about you though, honestly. All dressed up and gorgeous to hang in this dive? Doesn't sound much like the Val I remember," he said, sucking his teeth as he looked her over once with that slow gaze that made her forget how to breathe.

And there it was, the flirting, the cocky attitude, and the tone that had lured in so many girls in Hawkins. She'd been sucked right into it and was damn near helpless to stop it. It was like the thing about throwing frogs into boiling water and they jump out, but if you put them in the pot and gradually raise the temperature, they don't realize the trap until it's too late.

Had this all been a trap? Curiosity was already eating at her, wondering what had made him change like this. If he has actually changed at all. Calling Max his sister, speaking so freely about himself and asking personal questions about herself were far from things the Billy she remembered would do so willingly, let alone with a smile. Was this all a gimmick, and he was just telling her what she wanted to hear? It certainly wouldn't be the first time he'd made that ploy work for himself.

"Well, it didn't seem like you remembered me at all, so what do you know?" she shot back with a crooked smile as soon as she remembered how to string together a sentence. Valerie was trying to sound playful but wasn't sure it came across that way. Billy seemed surprised by the words, but that didn't stop him from grinning. "I only ended up here because our usual bar was closed for some reason. I came out with my roommate earlier, but she took off for her girlfriend's for the night."

Billy nodded slowly, licking his lips before he leaned forward so his elbows were resting against the table top. Valerie's drunken instinct told her to lean back, but she held her ground, keeping eye contact with him until his gaze dropped to her mouth.

"Small fucking world, huh? And you've got no boyfriend of your own to keep you occupied tonight?" he asked, his voice low like it was a secret to be shared between them.

Valerie let out a huff of laughter. "That's an awfully bold question," she said, trying to ignore the way her heart was pounding in her

chest.

“Just trying to do my due diligence before asking if you wanna get out of here,” he responded, leaning forward even more as Valerie sucked in a breath and froze.

The sounds of the bar around them had faded out and she found herself fighting the urge to lean forward more, just as he had. She was practically hanging on every word that left that plush mouth of his, forgetting that it was her turn to say something.

The laugh that bubbled from her surprised Valerie even, bringing a hand up to her mouth to cover the sound. “Are you serious?” she asked, grinning widely.

Billy frowned slightly, wondering if he was about to get shut down completely. “Yeah?” he responded with a slightly defensive edge to his voice.

“Thought that wasn’t your scene anymore,” she said, tilting her head up a little more in an effort to seem confident, like she wasn’t warm all over at the thought of him taking her home.

“Just because I don’t party much anymore doesn’t mean I’m not gonna jump at the chance to take you home and thank you properly for carrying my ass through high school chemistry.” His grin had returned, like a lion playing with its food.

Valerie’s back stiffened, realizing he was completely serious. Biting the inside of her cheek, she tried to think of a way to respond that wasn’t too eager, when really she was so close to bolting for the door and dragging him along with her.

When she didn’t respond right away, Billy leaned a little closer if it was even possible and met her eye with what seemed to be a more vulnerable softness. “Wanna know something?” he asked, and Valerie was nodding before he even finished the last word. “I knew who you were the second you walked in. Even looked over here a few times before you caught me. Didn’t know if you’d want to see me, and was curious to see how long you’d leave me hanging, trying to guess who you were.”

Valerie still hadn't fully decided if she thought this was a game to him, if he was playing her and trying out new angles to work to pick up girls. But right then, with that, she didn't even care. It didn't matter to her if it was, just like it didn't matter if he was still the same philandering, unattached asshole he'd been in high school. This could've been a trap for her from the get go and he could be gone in the morning never to be heard from again, but goddamn she wanted him. Swallowing thickly, she glanced at the door then looking back at Billy.

"My apartment's only a couple of blocks from here," she said, practically blurting it out like she couldn't say it fast enough as she held his gaze. He nodded once and got to his feet, waiting for her to do the same before they headed to the exit. Billy waved to the group he'd been with, but otherwise didn't say goodbye, too focused on relocating.

It was colder outside than Valerie remembered, a shiver running through her when they stepped onto the sidewalk. She swayed a little on her feet, taking a deep breath of cool air and wishing she hadn't worn heels. Billy kept close, hand finding the small of her back as she swayed.

"You good?" he asked, grinning when she blinked at him.

"Yeah, I'm okay, just haven't stood up since I started drinking, that's all," she responded, tilting her head up a little more to look at him. He looked beautiful in the glow of the street lamps and she easily could've stood there for far too long, just looking at him.

"You wanna lead the way?" he questioned, reaching into his pocket to pull out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. She shook her head when he offered her one, but started toward her place with Billy close on her heels.

The cold air outside did little to cool Valerie down as they walked, her cheeks still rosy from the alcohol. Now that this was actually happening, she remembered that her room wasn't entirely unpacked yet and most of the apartment was still a mess. She was wearing floral printed, cotton panties under her tights that were far from the sexy lingerie she would've liked to be wearing if Billy Hargrove was

about to strip her naked.

“Did you run out of things to say to me now that you’ve locked me down for the night?” Billy asked after a moment of walking in near silence.

Valerie scoffed, shaking her head. “Not really,” she said, glancing up at him to see him take a drag from his cigarette. “Just busy regretting the choice to wear heels and ugly underwear tonight.” No point in hiding it, she supposed.

The laugh he let out surprised her. It was loud and genuine, making a pair of girls walking on the opposite side of the street turn their heads to glance at them. Valerie laughed with him, hugging her arms around herself as she shivered again.

“You cold?” he questioned, his arm sliding around her shoulders easily the second she nodded. Leaning into him was easy, happily leeching some of his warmth as they turned onto her street. He smelled different than she remembered and before she could remind herself that it was weird to remember how he smelled, she was saying it.

“Did you switch colognes?” she asked, looking up at her with a creased brow.

“Yeah,” he told her, chuckling softly and not elaborating further. “You seem nervous.”

“Do I?” Valerie responded, not bothering to try and deny it. He nodded simply, grinning.

“How much further?”

“At the end of the street. Why, you getting impatient?” she shot back, watching him flick the spent bud of his cigarette into the road.

“Maybe. Should’ve kissed you earlier outside the bar, and I’m getting tired of waiting,” he said, both of them stopping on the sidewalk.

“What stopped you earlier?” she asked, arms crossing over her chest again as she slid out from under the arm that was around her

shoulders.

"The fact that you almost fell over the second we got outside," Billy told her, still grinning as he watched her.

"Okay, that's fair," she said, the first bit of laughter barely having the chance to leave her before his mouth was on hers.

It surprised her more than it should have, but she was quick to relax against him, bringing an arm up to settle around his shoulders. The kiss was softer than she would've expected from him and one hand cupped her jaw to keep her close. Billy sighed into her mouth softly, his tongue sliding along her bottom lip and leaving her to press closer to him. Valerie forgot that she was cold and forgot that they were in the middle of the sidewalk, too consumed by the relatively simple kiss and the way his arm had looped around her waist to keep her against him.

Valerie's eyes stayed closed for a short second after he pulled away, only to press another shorter, almost chaste kiss to her lips before squeezing her around the waist and pulling back to slip his hand into hers. Somehow, that simple gesture, even if it was to just get her moving again, was the most surprising of the night so far.

By the time they made it into the entry way of her building, away from the cold night, Billy's patience had worn even thinner, pressing her up against the wall right inside the door. His mouth was on hers again before the door even shut behind them, his hand settling on the back of her neck as he kissed her firmly. It was easy to melt against him, gripping the fabric of his shirt in one hand as she hummed into the kiss.

"We've got to get up to the third floor," she managed to say, the words half muffled by his mouth. Billy made a sound of indifference, like he wouldn't be opposed to fucking her right there, and that idea wouldn't be completely wasted on Valerie aside from the fact that she didn't want to get off on the wrong foot with her neighbors. His tongue slid along hers, making her knees weak as she leaned back into the wall for support.

He pulled back finally, licking his bottom lip and Valerie took the

opportunity to slip away from him, taking his hand to pull him toward the stairs. They made it up a whole two flights before Billy was on her again, hands on her hips to pull her flush against him. His mouth found hers with such ease and intensity that the irritated noise she let out faded into a moan. Valerie realized as she tried to force herself to pull away, to get up that last set of stairs, that she'd never been kissed like this.

When she let her teeth catch on his bottom lip, she was rewarded with a moan from him and the sound vibrated through her, all the way to her fingertips. Valerie took the chance to pull away from him with a grin, sprinting up the steps as quickly as she dared to finally reach the door to her apartment. Fishing in the pocket of her skirt for her keys, she glanced over her shoulder to see Billy grinning widely as he followed right behind her.

Her hands were shaking as she tried to fit the key into the lock only to be distracted further by the way he swept her hair to the side to press an openmouthed kiss to the back of her neck. Cursing under her breath, she nearly fumbled her keys as she pressed her ass back toward him, loving the way his hand slid along the curve of her waist.

“Oh, thank god,” she breathed, finally turning the key in the lock to push the door open. Turning, her arm looped around his neck and let him walk her back into the dark apartment.

When the door clicked shut behind them, Billy really seemed to unleash, all hot desperate kisses and wandering hands. She arched against him when his fingers just barely swept under the hem of her sweater, already squeezing her thighs together in the hopes of alleviating the dull ache that had started there. Like he couldn't feel enough of her, his hand slid down to squeeze her ass with a satisfied hum.

Just as her lungs were burning from the lack of oxygen, his mouth left hers to settle on her throat, and she took a deep, shaking breath as she pressed herself against him more. The blunt edge of his teeth grazed over her pulsepoint to make her gasp as she tilted her head back further.

“Where’s your room?” he asked, nosing at her jaw then pressing another firm, but gentler kiss to her mouth. She stayed there for a beat longer, enjoying the kiss before forcing herself to untangle from him.

Valerie kicked off her heels and Billy did the same with his boots, the slight height difference between them became larger. She took his hand and pulled him through the living room to reach her door. Eagerness and desperation outweighed her need to apologize for the place being such a mess, and behind the closed door of her bedroom, her confidence took off.

Biting her lip, she put a hand on Billy’s chest to push him back against the door and it surprised her how willingly he moved. Tilting her head up, she kissed him firmly again, enjoying the way his hands immediately settled on her ass again. The kiss was short lived though, impatience getting the best of her when she leaned away just enough to pull her sweater off and toss it aside carelessly.

“Holy shit, V,” he breathed, eyes adjusted well enough in the darkness to make out her topless form. The further abbreviation of her name made her grin as he brought a hand up to cup her through the material of her bra, his mouth already moving back to hers.

Valerie felt like she was vibrating, absolutely buzzing as she leaned into him, moaning when he licked into her mouth. Her hands came down to start untucking his shirt eagerly, only getting halfway done with the task before moving onto work on his belt buckle. When Billy nipped at her bottom lip hard enough to hurt, she gasped into the kiss, the sound fading to a moan.

When she finally managed to get his belt buckle open, she worked on the fly of his jeans next with shaking hands, still letting him control the kiss as he leaned back against the door. After dragging the zipper down, her hand slid into his jeans to cup him through the fabric of his underwear. Even half hard like he was now, his size was impressive, making her whine in anticipation as her mouth left his.

They blinked at each other for a short moment, breathing heavily to the point of panting in the dark room. In the glow of the street light flooding in through the window, Valerie could see her lipstick

smudged along his mouth. Before he had the opportunity to pull her back to him, she sank to her knees in front of him, enjoying the pleased hum that he let out, fully aware of what she was doing.

Billy watched her closely as she bit her kiss swollen lip, looking up at him as she tugged his jeans and briefs down enough to free his cock. His hand found the back of her head, fingers tangling in her dark hair to guide her forward where he wanted her. She moved easily for him, lips already parted to take the head of his cock between them as she glanced up at him again through her lashes.

With the pair of them already so keyed up and eager, Valerie knew there was no point in teasing him. She took the rest of his length into her mouth and his hand tensed in her hair in a way that made her whine around him as she started to bob her head.

“Fucking hell, Val,” he muttered, watching as his dick disappeared between her lips and down her throat. “Been thinkin’ about this since chemistry. Used to watch you chew on your pen and pop your gum, drove me fuckin’ crazy.”

He knew exactly what she wanted to hear, spurring her on as he hit the back of her throat. She bobbed her head faster, letting her eyes close as he cursed above her again. Alternating between sucking and sliding her tongue along him, she shifted slightly on her knees, finding it hard to focus on what she was doing with the throbbing ache between her thighs.

Her hand came up to his thigh, feeling the tension and restraint in him, and she squeezed him there, hoping to encourage him further. Taking a deep breath through her nose, she relaxed her jaw to take him down her throat a little more, not caring about getting a little sloppy with it at that point. Billy seemed to take her hint and rocked his hips sharply, using the hand in her hair to keep her in place for him. Heat prickled down her spine and her lungs burned from the lack of oxygen, but the sounds of approval he let out were more than worth it.

He pulled out of her mouth a moment later and Valerie’s hand was quick to settle her hand around his length as she caught her breath. He somehow felt bigger in her hand than he had in her mouth,

stroking him from base to tip, and leaning in again to flick her tongue over the head of his dick. If she didn't feel so rushed and needy, she would've taken the time to appreciate his cock and his body properly, but that would have to wait.

"Come up here, angel, fuck," he told her, swallowing thickly as he untangled his hand from her hair. Her knees shook as she got to her feet and his hands were on her quickly, pulling her body flush up against his.

When he kissed her, Valerie gasped into his mouth, so eager for him that she would barely keep still. His cock was pinned between them, pressing against her stomach as he unfastened her bra with ease. It struck her that he was still fully dressed, and she was just about to start pulling at the fabric of his shirt when his thumb dragged over the hardened peak of her nipple to make her moan loudly.

"Go get on the bed, V, let me see you,," he said, his tone so dark and commanding that a shiver ran through her. He kissed her again, hard and quick, then let her slip away.

Billy was close behind her, tugging his shirt off and not bothering to fix his pants as he closed in on her. She had settled on the edge of the bed and leaned back, watching him approach with a self-satisfied grin. Matching her expression, his hand came up to hold her jaw briefly as he kissed her hungrily, before ducking his head to suck her nipple into his mouth.

"Oh, fuck, Billy," she whined, already arching toward him and squeezing her thighs together. He figured out pretty quickly what she was doing, and settled a knee between her legs, earning a sound of irritation out of her that he followed with a chuckle.

"You that needy for me, sweetheart? Can't fucking wait for me to touch you?" he questioned, mouth barely off her breath as he glanced up at her.

Not even giving her a chance to respond, he was leaning back again, both hands pushing under her skirt to tug down her tights and panties all in the same motion. He let the fabric drop to the floor, eyes sliding over her nearly naked frame with a slight smirk, like he

couldn't decide what he wanted next. Valerie realized she was nearly holding her breath, staring up at him and admiring the lines of his body.

His hand slid up the inside of her thigh, disappearing under her skirt again, and her legs parted further instinctively as she willed herself not to shake under his touch. When his fingers slid through her folds, Valerie cursed loudly, her head falling back against the mattress.

"Val, baby, you are so fucking soaked, holy shit," Billy said, his tone practically dripping with lust by then. She could only nod silently, her hips rocking to try and meet the teasing motion of his fingers. "All this just from sucking my cock, huh?"

"*Billy!*" she groaned out insistently through clenched teeth, hating that he wasn't giving her what she wanted. Her reaction only made his smirk grow, purposely avoiding her clit as his two fingers teased her.

"I've got you, don't worry," he told her, leaning over her enough that he could kiss her hungrily and swallowing the sound she let out when he sank two fingers into her. His hand settled on the mattress next to her head to support himself, curling his fingers inside her to see what other sounds he could get out of her.

Valerie's arm slipped around him, her hand settling on the back of his head and letting her fingers tangle in his hair just as he'd done earlier. She was tight around his digits as they started to pump into her and he was fully entranced by the soft gasps and hums she kept loosing into his mouth.

Billy trailed hot kisses down the column of her throat, sucking and nipping gently at her skin as her breathing quickened. Her nails sank into his scalp and he hissed against her at the feeling, loving the way she couldn't seem to keep her hips still. When he pressed his thumb to her clit to rub firm circles against the bundle of nerves, Valerie did her best to keep from crying out, already desperate for a release of the pressure that was building in her.

"That feel good, Val?" he asked, his lips leaving the side of her breast after sucking a mark into her skin. She whimpered in response,

nodding quickly as her other hand gripped the sheets. "Say it, angel, let me hear you." The motion of his fingers fucking into her had sped up, curling to try and find the spot inside her that would get her to scream for him.

Valerie huffed out an incredulous breath, absolutely hating that he wouldn't just give her what she wanted. If his mouth wasn't already occupied with teasing at her nipple, he would've chuckled, loving that streak of bossiness, near brattiness in her.

"Yeah, feels good, fuck," she panted out, squirming as she tried to press herself closer to him in any ways she could. Her hand in his hair tightened enough to make him hiss as she dragged his mouth back up to hers.

The kiss was filthy, all tongues and teeth as his fingers fucked into her. Her hand on the back of his head slid down to grip his shoulder, whining as his name as she clenched around him. She was so wet that she could hear it as he toyed with her, the friction of the heel of his palm against her clit making her eyes roll back. Billy fit a third finger into her, pulling back just enough to watch her expression change.

"You gonna cum for me, baby girl? You want it so bad, don't you?" he murmured to her, the words just barely audible over the sounds of their heavy breathing.

Nodding frantically, Valerie cursed, still trying to roll her hips against his hand. "Billy, please," she whimpered, unsure what she was even pleading for by then. Her mind was clouded with lust, unable to think of anything beyond her desperation for him.

"Go ahead, V, cum all over my hand, show me how bad you want my cock," he told her, his mouth attaching to her pulse point. Her arm tightened around his shoulders, nails sinking into his skin as she gave into her desperation.

Valerie came with another loud whine of his name, bucking against his hand for whatever friction he could get. He had pulled back to watch her and was murmuring praises to her that she could barely hear over the roaring of her heartbeat in her ears, her body tense as pleasure coursed through her. Billy's fingers never stopped, pushing

into her roughly, hungrily to see how long he could drag her orgasm out for.

God, she was stunning with the way her eyes changed as she came, the way she arched against him for as much contact as she could get. Billy was absolutely hooked, his eyes moving over her face as she came down and leaning to press light kisses to her jaw and mouth. His fingers were still pumping into her, albeit slowly, loving how drenched she was for him.

Valerie had all but melted into the mattress, her eyes closed as she tried to catch her breath, only faintly aware of Billy's warmth above her. Her hips twitched toward his hand slightly, a quiet gasp leaving her as he continued to tease her. His fingers left her a second later as he shifted, leaning into her a little more as he kissed her.

In their new position, his dick was pressed against her stomach again, making her whine in anticipation. He smirked against her mouth, loving how reactive she was to him then he pulled back to get to his feet to shed his pants.

"You got condoms, angel?" he asked, kicking his jeans and underwear aside as he watched her.

Valerie shook her head, slipping out of her skirt finally to be just as naked as Billy was. "Just moved in, haven't gotten any yet," she said, pressing her thighs together as she waited for him. "I'm on the pill though, you can just pull out if you want."

Nodding, Billy nudged her legs open with a smirk before settling over her again. With one hand beside her head to support himself over her, the other came down to guide her knee over his hip. His mouth crashed hard against hers with renewed desperation when the head of his cock slid through her folds, making them both groan.

"Fuck, you're so goddamn sexy, Val," he murmured into her mouth, letting his teeth catch on her bottom lip. Her hips canted up toward him eagerly as she let out another needy sound.

"Stop making me wait," she groaned out, and he chuckled at the irritation in her tone, letting the head of his cock tease at her

entrance.

“Oughta make you beg for it, sweetheart, see how long that brattiness lasts when you’re desperate for me like this,” he mused, loving the way her eyes flashed with panic at the thought. He was kidding himself if he thought he could wait any longer to be buried inside her, and without waiting for a retort from her, he finally pushed into her all at once.

The tight slide of his cock filling her made Valerie gasp, her arm immediately looping around his shoulders again as her hips angled up toward him, already wanting him deeper. In the low light of the room, he could tell that her pupils were blown and his surely were too, transfixed by how she felt around him. She could feel him through every inch of her, just enough to take the edge off her desperation as she practically purred for him. His hand was still holding her under the knee, forcing her leg a little higher and squeezing her there as he let his hips grind against her.

“Shit, that’s good, baby,” he breathed, pulling back each enough that he nearly slipped out and fucking back into her. The motion earned a loud moan from Valerie, whose hand moved to twist in his curls again. His mouth found her throat again, nipping at her skin before his tongue soothed over the spot as he set a hungry pace.

“God, Billy,” she sighed out, her tone so sweet and needy that he could’ve came right there on the spot. Valerie used the hand in his hair to guide his mouth back up to hers to kiss him desperately, letting her heel dig into the small of his back for leverage to rock against him.

His forehead pressed against hers as he caught his breath, eyes dropping slightly to watch his cock sink into her as her breasts bounced with the motion of his thrusts. Valerie’s jaw was clenched, trying to hold back the slew of whines and curses that threatened to leave her, but the second he met her eye again, that all went out the window.

“Touch yourself for me, Val, rub your clit,” he told her, his voice rough with restraint. He knew he wasn’t going to last as long for her as he’d like, but he’d be damned if he didn’t get to feel her cum

around his dick. In a truly perfect world, he'd have the patience to make her cum half a dozen times before even fucking her, but desperation quickly took over.

Valerie did as she was told for once, slipping a hand between them to rub firm circles against the swollen bundle of nerves. The added stimulation made her clench around him and his hips slammed hard into hers. She was absolutely soaked, desperate for whatever else he could give her as she chased another orgasm.

He leaned away from her slightly, hovering over her to fuck into her at a different angle that made her eyes roll back. The head of his cock dragged over her g-spot with each thrust, making her toes curl as her hand continued to rub her clit. With her dark hair fanned out around her and that hazy, blissed out look in her eye, Billy wasn't sure he'd ever seen anything so stunning.

"You gonna be a good girl and cum for me again?" he asked, bringing his free hand up to cup her breast. His thumb grazed over the hard peak of her nipple and couldn't help but smirk at the way she trembled beneath him as she nodded. Billy's eyes dropped to her mouth quickly and was leaning in to kiss her again before could stop himself.

Valerie came apart quickly after that, dragging her nails over his shoulder as she moaned into his mouth, practically clinging to him as if she'd float away otherwise. His brow was set in a tense line as he fucked her through her orgasm, trying to hold back his own for just a little longer. When she tugged at his bottom lip with her teeth, he swore loudly and pulled out, forehead pressing against hers as he spilled hot onto her stomach with a groan.

"Fucking hell," he breathed, letting his lips drag along her jaw as they both panted heavily. Valerie nodded in agreement, her eyes closed as she dropped her head back against the bed. Her arm was still around his neck, fingers lightly moving over his shoulder as she waited for her body to stop buzzing.

She was still shaking slightly when he kissed her, taking his time and her fingers moved up to his hair again to keep him there. This was nice, she decided. She hadn't expected him to kiss her like this *after* ,

but she certainly wouldn't complain about it.

Billy's thumb brushed along her cheek softly and pulled back, their eyes meeting for a moment in the dark. His gaze briefly dropped to her mouth when she licked her lips, then pushed off of her to get to his feet.

"You got a towel or something?" he asked, moving around in the dark to look for his pants.

"What?" she responded, her mind still foggy to the point that she hadn't comprehended a word he'd said.

"A towel, d'you have one handy? Figured I ought to at least be a gentleman and wipe my cum off your stomach," he said, glancing looking around as best as he could in the hopes of answering his own question.

"Oh," Valerie laughed softly, happily admiring his frame as he stepped into his briefs. "Yeah, on the chair at my desk." She tucked an arm behind her head comfortably, drawing a knee up to rest on foot flat against the mattress.

Billy returned with the towel, eyes flickering to her tits as he wiped up the mess he'd left on her stomach. She thanked him softly, biting her lip as she continued to watch him, not sure what to do or say at that point. Part of her had expected him to get dressed and leave without a word the second he'd pulled away, so this was all unexpected.

"Mind if I smoke?" he asked, picking up his jeans and fishing in the pockets already. Another surprise.

"Just crack the window, do it over there," she told him, shifting to sit up more and leaning back on her hands. He scoffed softly like he was annoyed by her response, but she caught a glimpse of a grin as he turned toward the window.

When Valerie got to her feet, her knees were still shaking slightly, and she was still throbbing and slick between her thighs as she slipped on the short silk robe hung on the back of her door. Holding

it closed around himself, she followed him toward the window where he had cracked it like she said. He watched her as she moved toward him, lighting the cigarette between his lips.

The street light outside her window cast a yellow glow over them as she mirrored his position, facing him as she leaned against the wall on the opposite side of the window. Their eyes met and held, both trying to get a read on the other. He looked damn near godlike in the low light, even with his hair a mess from her hands. Valerie doubted she looked even better, and she found herself chewing on the inside her of cheek before looking out the window.

“You want me to stick around?” Billy said after a minute.

Her eyebrow raised as she looked back to him, taken aback by the question. Was this part of his game, trying to gauge how clingy she was or something?

“Up to you, I guess,” she said, holding her hand out for the cigarette. That seemed to surprise him, his eyes dropping to her outstretched hand. He actually rolled his eyes, taking another drag before handing it to her.

Valerie watched him through her lashes as she lifted the cigarette to her lips, unable to read him. Her lungs burned but she managed not to cough, considering she hadn’t smoked a cigarette in years. The corner of his mouth twitched up into a grin briefly and turned his head to look out the window.

“I’ve got work at 8:30, so I’ll have to slip out early,” Billy told her after another pause, watching her take another drag from the cigarette and extending his hand to take it back.

“That’s fine,” she said, matching his cool tone and just barely letting herself smile. Her fingers brushed against his as she passed the cigarette back then she crossed her arms over her chest, shivering as a cool burst of air came through the opened window. She looked out the window again, simply to have something to look at other than him.

The interaction felt so casual, as if he hadn’t just given her the best

orgasms of her life. Neither of them seemed to be able to figure the other out, when they'd been so in synch five minutes ago. Billy didn't seem like nearly as much of an asshole now, didn't seem like he was ready to hightail out of her place the second she was asleep. He easily could've left already, but he was still here and she didn't know why he would feel the need to lie about staying, only to skip out anyway, if that was his angle. She'd seen him play plenty of girls in Hawkins though, fucking them thoroughly, then moving onto the next girl at the next party, so Valerie wasn't even sure how much to trust him in all of this.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked, taking a final puff of the cigarette before flicking the spent end out the window and closing it.

"You," she responded, faster than she'd meant to. He actually smirked, making her roll her eyes and continuing. "You seem really different."

Billy scoffed, tilting his head just slightly. "That a bad thing?" Valerie shook her head in response, making that barely there smile reappear on his face. "You got a preference on which side of the bed you take?"

"I sleep better on the right side," she told him, stepping away from the wall.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1989

Waking up alone the next morning, Billy even being there at all felt like a dream. She didn't know what time he'd left, but she'd woken up close to dawn to feel his arm around her and his leg tangled with hers.

Valerie stayed in bed for a while, replaying the night in her head with a sleepy, satisfied smile. Part of her wished she'd given him her number, but at least now she wouldn't spend god knows how long waiting by the phone, hoping he'd call. She felt good, proud of herself even.

When she got up, she noticed the piece of paper on her nightstand.

"It was good to see you. Call me. 923-0427"

2. September 12-17

Summary for the Chapter:

Valerie finally works up the courage to give Billy a call, leading to more surprises from him.

SEPTEMBER 12th, 1989

The note Billy had left spent nearly two weeks in the drawer of Valerie's nightstand, other than the few times she'd pulled it out to stare at it in the effort of working up the nerve to actually call him. She had his number memorized by the second time she pulled it out, and the brevity of the note itself was burned into her mind.

It was good to see you. Call me. 923-0427. It was good to see you. Call me. 923-0427. It was good to see you. Call me. 923-0427. It was good to see you. Call me. 923-0427. It was good to see you. Call me. 923-0427. It was good to see you. Call me. 923-0427.

She found herself repeating the note at random, hearing it in his voice like it was damn near haunting her.

Valerie told herself she was trying to focus on getting back into the routine of classes. On top of her usual coursework, she'd started her classroom observations, sitting in on classes at the local high school twice a week. She'd also taken up working a few shifts a week at the reception desk in the education department, trying to stash away whatever money she could. There was little time in her schedule for boys, she had decided.

That had never been her rule before, but Billy Hargrove had never been part of the equation. But that didn't stop her from thinking about him.

He kept creeping into her thoughts, far more than usual. And not just her thoughts, but her fantasies. Valerie had realized a couple of days after seeing him that it had become impossible to get herself off without recalling the memory of his fingers pumping into her, the way he'd praised her, and the weight of his body hovering over hers.

He had made sure she couldn't forget about him for the first several days, considering he'd left a slew of hickeys and marks along her chest.

It was a Tuesday evening and she'd just finished doing 60 pages worth of reading for one course, feeling like her brain was about to melt out of her ears. Charlotte was out with Amy, and when Valerie's eyes landed on the phone across the room, Billy's number started repeating itself in her mind.

923-0427. 923-0427. 923-0427. 923-0427. 923-0427.

Chewing on the inside of her cheek, she got to her feet and approached the phone. She picked it up and dialed his number quickly, proud of herself for even doing that much. With a white knuckle grip, she lifted the phone to her ear as it rang.

And it rang, and rang, and rang.

She hung up after letting it ring plenty of times, realizing he must not have an answering machine.

At least she'd tried.

SEPTEMBER 13th, 1989

Valerie had hoped that calling him once, even if she didn't get an answer, would get it all out of her system, but it seemed to only make it worse.

Charlotte had been bugging her to call him since the minute she'd heard they slept together, and Valerie had made the mistake of letting it slip that she finally had, which only led to Charlotte telling her to try it again.

So she did.

It only rang a few times before Valerie heard a soft click, her heart jumping in that beat of silence.

“Hello?” A female voice. Max?

“Hi, uh, is Billy around?” she asked, clearing her throat and trying her best to relax.

“No, he’s at work.”

“Oh, okay.” A pause. “I’ll just call back.” Would she though?

“Is this Valerie?” she asked, and Valerie froze.

“Yeah,” Valerie responded with a slight laugh, shifting her weight from one foot to the other. “Max, right?”

“Mhm. Billy said he ran into you,” Max told her. “I’ll probably take you up on the offer for some help with English comp.”

Valerie smiled to herself, glad that he’d mentioned that to Max. “Yeah, I’d be happy to help, just let me know.”

“Do you want me to let Billy know you called?”

“No, uh, don’t worry about it. I’ll just call back and try to catch him.”

“I think he’s off tomorrow night, maybe try then,” Max suggested, and Valerie nodded even though the girl on the phone couldn’t see her.

They said their goodbyes and she all but slammed the phone down, looking up to realize Charlotte was watching her with a wide grin.

“No luck this time either?” she asked, eyebrows raised.

Valerie rolled her eyes, moving across the living room to drop onto the sofa. “I’m glad you think this is funny, at least,” she said, giving her roommate a pointed look.

Charlotte shrugged. “I guess I’m just not used to seeing you act like this over a boy,” she teased, still grinning either way.

Groaning, she sank further into the sofa and looked up at the ceiling. “I know, I’m not either, and I don’t like it,” she grumbled, pulling one

of the throw pillows into her lap. "I feel like I'm back in high school, vying for the attention of 'King Billy.'" She made a face as she spoke, scrunching up her nose.

"Yeah, but you're not. You're a cool, hot grown up who can buy your own alcohol," Charlotte assured her, joining her on the sofa. "And from what you told me, he doesn't sound like he's the same person he was in high school either, so if you like him, or at least like his dick, it's probably worth trying to call again."

Valerie nodded, sucking on her teeth as she picked a piece of fuzz off the pillow in her lap. Charlotte was usually right about these kinds of things, something Valerie had learned in the last several years of living together.

SEPTEMBER 15th, 1989

Valerie didn't call the next day, Thursday, like Max had suggested. She certainly hadn't forgotten, but buried herself under a mountain of homework and reading to distract herself. His number had repeated itself in her mind for most of the evening, leaving her to steal glances at the phone from her spot at the table where her books and papers were spread out in front of her.

It was Friday though. Two weeks since the night at the bar whose name Valerie had never figured out. Charlotte was at Amy's for the night, leaving Valerie to entertain herself. The thought of going back to that bar had crossed her mind, but she told herself she was content to get a chunk her weekend assignments out of the way.

By the time it was dark, she'd given up on reading for the night. With a glass of wine in her hand and the TV on, her eyes had started to drift toward the phone.

He probably wasn't even home. It was a Friday night, after all. He was probably out drinking like he had been two weeks ago. Those thoughts were what actually made it easier for her to get off the couch and cross the room to the phone. Even if he wasn't home, she could tell Charlotte that she had tried. She dialed quickly before she

could stop herself.

923-0427.

The phone rang three times before the soft click of the line being picked up made Valerie jump, having felt so sure that no one would answer.

“Hello?” There was no mistaking that voice.

“H-hey. It’s Valerie,” she said, already chewing on the inside of her cheek. She couldn’t believe all it took was a single word from him to make her palms sweat and her heart race.

“Well, Val, it’s about damn time,” he told her, scoffing softly.

“Yeah, sorry, I’ve been busy trying to get into the routine of classes and stuff,” she told him, hoping to laugh it off.

“Uh huh,” he hummed, tone laced with disbelief. Valerie blinked, pausing for a moment. “You know, until Max told me you called the other day, I thought you’d forgotten all about me.” She could practically hear him smirking, knowing from the sound of his voice that he was already toying with her. Valerie suddenly wished she’d had more wine before calling him.

“Maybe I had,” she said, trying her best to sound cool.

Billy actually laughed. “I’m surprised you’re calling on a Friday night. Figured you’d be out prowling for another idiot you went to high school with to take home and rock their world before forgetting about them.”

Snorting softly, Valerie twirled the cord of the phone around her index finger. “It’s early, I’ve still got time,” she said, grinning to herself.

“C’mon now, don’t break my heart like that,” he told her with that charming inflection of his that made her willing to do cartwheels.

She paused, pressing her lips together. “Did I really ‘rock your world’? The sex was that good?” she questioned, curiosity getting the

better of her. It had only been a few minutes of conversation, and he already had her wondering if it was all a game. God, she hated feeling like a giddy teenager, but at least he wasn't there to watch her squirm over it.

"What, you didn't think it was?" Billy responded, sounding mildly surprised by her question.

Valerie exhaled a breath of laughter, picking up the phone and bringing it with her to sit in the nearby arm chair. "I never said that. King Billy's the one with the long list of five star reviews, just wasn't sure where I'd rank amongst them," she said, kicking her feet up on the coffee table to settle in more.

"Baby girl, you've got no fuckin' clue how crazy you made me," he said, tone low and dark to the point that Valerie held her breath.

She was silent for a moment, his words echoing in her mind before she cleared her throat. "What about you, huh? Why are you home on a Friday night to answer the phone?" she asked, toying with the phone cord again.

"I worked early this morning. I planned on having a quiet night at home until you called." He sighed softly, teasingly like she'd ruined his whole evening.

"And I changed that?" Valerie was grinning to herself by then.

"Maybe." His voice was warm and she could picture his smile, that genuine one that felt like a reward to see. "When can I see you again?"

The question surprised her for some reason and she blinked. "You busy tomorrow?" she asked, practically holding her breath as she waited for him to answer.

"Yeah, I've got an late shift tomorrow. I'm free Sunday night though."

"Uhh, yeah, Sunday's good for me," she responded, clearing her throat as a fresh wave of nervousness swept over her.

"You wanna come to my place? Max will be out, we can watch a

movie or something.” For a short second, he sounded unsure of the proposed plan. The thought of being alone with him made her mind flash back to the desperate sound of their breathing, the intoxicating feeling of his body pressing against hers, and her palms were sweating again.

“That sounds good,” Valerie said, licking her lips as she sunk into her chair a little more. “What time?”

“My shift goes until 5:30, so 7:00 maybe? I’ll make dinner for us.” Now that surprised her, making her eyebrows raise.

“I never really pictured Billy Hargrove as the culinary type,” she admitted, toying with the ends of her hair idly as she grinned.

“You can add that to the list of what’s ‘different’ about me now, I guess,” he said, and Valerie could hear his lighter click a second later.

“Yeah, I guess so.” Valerie licked her lips, picturing him in his apartment. She wondered what his place looked like, where he was right now, what he was doing. It all seemed like such a mystery. “Can I ask you something?”

“You just did.” Valerie rolled her eyes, letting out a quiet huff of breath that he must’ve heard. “Shoot.” The word was laced with a smirk again, she could just tell. She could hear him inhale, taking a drag from his cigarette.

“Did you mean what you said when I was going down on you, about how you used to watch me in chem?” Her mind had drifted back to that statement of his so many times over the last couple of weeks.

Billy was silent for a moment before exhaling a soft laugh. “Yeah,” he told her, and she wished she could see him for that reaction. “That damn oral fixation of yours was so fucking distracting.”

Valerie’s eyebrows knit together, about to argue that she didn’t have an oral fixation until she realized that she had started chewing on her thumbnail after asking her last question. “Didn’t stop you from passing the class though,” she said, again trying to put on that cool

tone that matched his despite the fact that her cheeks were flushing.

“That’s true, but let me tell you, I took some community college courses when I was living in California, including chemistry, and just hearing the word ‘stoichiometry’ was enough to get me hard. Fucking Pavlovian, or some shit,” he said, and Valerie grinned even as she felt the flush make it’s way down her neck.

“You should’ve said something, y’know,” she said after a pause, despite knowing full and well that she never would’ve believed him back then if he’d expressed interest in her. She likely would have laughed in his face in all honesty, the thought of it too absurd to even entertain.

“I would’ve ruined your fuckin’ life, V.” Billy chuckled, and she laughed with him because she knew he was absolutely right. She imagined him grinning, the one he used right as he trapped his prey, knowing when he had her caught. “Be grateful that you’re getting this version of me.”

“Who says I’m not?” she countered, leaning forward in her seat. Valerie was glad she’d thought ahead enough to bring the whole bottle of wine into the living room with her earlier, pouring another glass. A pause followed, and because the silence made her nervous, her mind circled back to another thought curiously. “Why’d you stop?”

“Stop what?”

“Stop taking classes.”

“Oh,” he said softly, like he hadn’t expected such a question out of her. “D’you really wanna know?”

“I don’t ask questions I don’t want to know the answers to,” she told him, bringing the glass up to her mouth to take a drink.

Billy sighed softly. Hesitation seemed to hang between them, and Valerie honestly wasn’t sure what he’d say next. “It’s a long story, angel, I’ll tell you sometime, okay? Promise.” He sounded sincere in the avoidance, and Valerie bit her lip as she pocketed her curiosity.

“Okay,” she responded, nodding once to herself before swallowing the last bit of her wine. He was quiet for a beat and again, she was picturing him, wondering what his expression said.

“You wanna know something?” he asked, in that tone that left her hanging on his every word as he changed the subject.

“Shoot,” she responded, just as he had earlier.

“I regret not going down on you when I had the chance.” Billy said it all so casually, fitting it into the conversation with ease and Valerie couldn’t help the burst of laughter at the bluntness of his statement. Her cheeks felt hot and she told herself that it was from the wine.

“Is that at the top of your to do list for Sunday?” she asked, holding the phone with her shoulder as she leaned forward to put her empty glass on the coffee table.

“Oh, absolutely,” he hummed in response, making her suck in a breath through her teeth. “Might not even be able to wait until after dinner. I’ve barely been able to keep my mind off it. I didn’t pay nearly enough attention to your tits either.”

The thought made her feel warm all over, her blush returning with vengeance as she licked her lips. “Have you been thinking about me a lot?” she asked, settling back in her seat again as she put her feet up on the edge of the coffee table.

“Way too much, honestly. I haven’t been able to get those sweet sounds of yours out of my head, it’s been driving me fucking insane,” he admitted with a slight groan to the words as Valerie grinned to herself. “I didn’t expect you to be so bratty.”

“Want me to turn it down a notch next time?” Her voice carried a teasing tone to it, and she realized that she was pressing her thighs together as she anticipated his response.

The chuckle Billy let out rattled through her, renewing the heat that had flooded through her earlier. “Don’t you fuckin’ dare, Val,” he said with a hint of that deep chuckle and Valerie could’ve actually screamed. “You been thinking about me, huh? Slipping your hand

into your panties late at night, playing with yourself while you think about how good I made you feel?"

"Christ, Billy," Valerie muttered as if it wasn't truth, feigning innocence. His scoff said he saw right through it. "Maybe I have been, so what?" There was no point in denying it, she decided.

A silence hung between them for a moment.

"Do we really need to wait until Sunday? I can be at your place in 10 minutes," Billy said.

Now that was tempting. Valerie thought about it, biting her lip. It would be so easy to let him come over and rock her world again, to let him leave her absolutely desperate for more of him, but her nerves got the better of her. She let out a sigh and shook her head.

"Not tonight," she told him, as if she wasn't already ridiculously turned on.

"I had to at least try," he said, tsking softly. "I've waited two weeks, I can wait another two days." Valerie grinned, unable to stop herself considering he was just as fucking charming as he'd always been.

"It was a good effort," she assured him, and they laughed together. She already regretted turning down the offer.

They chatted for a while longer, until Max got home and Billy said he needed to go. She got directions to his place before they said their goodbyes, and after hanging up the receiver, Valerie pushed a hand through her hair. Leaning back in her seat again, she scoffed to herself in disbelief that that conversation had happened. She was still flushed and slick between her thighs as she started to chew on her thumbnail.

Billy Hargrove still might ruin her life.

SEPTEMBER 17th, 1989

Valerie somehow made it to Sunday evening, though it hadn't been

easy. She'd spent a good chunk of her Saturday at the library on campus, but hadn't been at all productive considering the fact that Billy was plaguing her thoughts. She could barely focus, her shoulders tense with anticipation as the minutes passed slowly.

She slept in on Sunday and finished up her readings before getting ready to go to Billy's. The shower she took was long and relaxing, and she used the fancy body wash her aunt had sent for her birthday several months ago. Waiting for her hair to dry, Valerie put on some make up, then pulled on pretty underwear under the knee length skirt and v-neck sweater that she'd laid out.

It was a little after 7:00 when Valerie parked on the street outside what she hoped was Billy's place. The street number matched at least, and she headed up the walkway toward the grey duplex with a bottle of wine in hand. Nervousness twisted in her stomach as she stepped onto the porch and knocked on the door to the left like he'd told her.

She didn't have to wait long for him to open the door with that signature grin that made her knees weak. He invited her in, his eyes dropping quickly to glance her over before motioning for her to follow him.

Valerie hadn't been sure to expect out of Billy's place, and she looked around curiously as she followed him to the kitchen. She caught a glimpse of floral wall paper in the living room and smiled, before her attention focused more on him.

"Dinner should be ready in a few," he told her, taking the bottle of wine from her. He was in a tight shirt and tighter jeans, nothing out of the usual, really, but it still astounded her that he always managed to look that good.

"What are we having?" she asked, leaning back against the edge of the counter as he sifted through a drawer before pulling out a corkscrew.

"Chicken with zucchini and risotto," he said as Valerie enjoyed the way his shoulders moved when he opened the bottle of wine. She was impressed, both with the menu and how easily he pulled the cork

out. "I don't have wine glasses yet, so we're stuck with regular cups."

"That's fine," she assured him with a soft laugh, watching as he pulled a pair of cups from the cabinet. She thanked him softly when he handed her one of them a second later, her eyes meeting his as he poured wine for her.

"It's good to see you," Billy said, taking a sip from his own glass. His eyes were on her and Valerie could feel her cheeks flush as a smile tugged at the corners of her mouth.

"It's good to see you too," she responded, batting her lashes before tilting her glass back for a drink.

It was odd to see this sincere part of Billy, both in tone and action, and pair it with the way he was looking at her, even having the audacity to lick his lips. Her free hand came back to grip the edge of the counter as silence hung around them. A timer went off, the abrupt sound cutting through the building tension, and Valerie was almost grateful for it, considering it curbed her urge to absolutely pounce on him.

Dinner was great, leaving her absolutely stunned by how good the food was. They chatted as they ate, easily finishing off the bottle of wine between the two of them. Talking to him was easy, Valerie realized, and they stayed seated at the small table with empty plates in front of them for a while before they rose to clean up.

Valerie was a little tipsy as she dried the dishes as he washed, and he kept glancing at her. She nudged him with her elbow eventually, passing it off as an accident as she reached to put the last of the plates in the cabinet. The dish towel she'd been using had barely left her hand before he had one hand on her waist, the other on her jaw to guide her mouth to his.

The kiss surprised her, leaving her to gasp softly into his mouth before relaxing against him. She was on fire immediately, kissing him back as he pressed her back into the edge of the counter. Billy was taking his time and his hand dropped to her hip as he hummed.

She looped an arm around his neck and let her teeth tug at his

bottom lip, practically daring him to take things further. The way he'd watched her through dinner as he listened to her speak had been enough to turn her on somehow, and she was ready for her patience to be rewarded. His tongue flicked against hers teasingly, making her arch toward him just as his mouth left hers.

"D'you still wanna watch a movie?" he asked, a little breathless as his forehead rested on hers.

"Are you serious?" Valerie responded, laughing when she saw his smirk.

"Just wasn't sure how attached you were to the idea." Billy's words were punctuated with a brief kiss, his hand moving to squeeze her ass. She moaned into his mouth and gripped the fabric of his shirt in her hand as she tried to press herself closer against him.

"I'm far more attached to the idea of you eating me out," she admitted, the frankness of her words making his eyebrows raise slightly. She wasn't sure if she'd surprised or impressed him, but she liked the reaction either way. His smirk returned almost immediately, nodding once before kissing her again.

The kiss was hungry, and it felt like his hands were everywhere, squeezing her hips and her ass as she pressed toward him. She used the hand twisted in the fabric of his shirt as a way to keep him close as he sucked at her bottom lip.

"Where's your room?" she asked, her mouth barely leaving his. He hummed in response, both of his hands cupping her face briefly before finally pulling back. Valerie had expected him to step away from her and pull her through the apartment, but instead, he sank to his knees in front of her. "Jesus, Billy!" Her words were laced with laughter as his hands slid up the outside of her thighs, then higher still until they were under her skirt.

"What?" he questioned with a filthy smirk and a raised eyebrow as he nudged her thighs open further. "Just be grateful I made it through dinner without slipping under the table to do this." His eyes were still on her face as he dragged his thumb over her folds through the damp fabric of her panties, watching the way her body reacted to the

contact.

That was all it took to have Valerie tugging the material of her skirt higher until it was bunched up around her hips, and his eyes dropped to her newly exposed skin and panties. She heard him groan softly and then he was leaning forward more, his mouth already settling on the inside of her thigh.

“I like these,” Billy murmured, his voice rough as he glanced up at her again. His thumb repeated its previous action, pressing just right against her clit to make her squirm as she leaned back into the edge of the cabinet. He was close enough that she could feel the heat of his breath on her thighs, and Valerie’s hands were already shaking.

Impatiently, he pressed an open mouthed kiss to her folds through her panties with a soft moan. His palms slid over the swell of her ass, then higher to start tugging her underwear down easily. As soon she was exposed to him, his mouth was on her, letting his tongue slide through her folds to collect the wetness that was already pooling there.

“Oh my god,” she breathed out, her thighs parting further for him instinctively after kicking her panties away. Her hand came down to the back of his head and her fingers threaded through his curls as his tongue teased at her entrance.

“So fuckin’ good,” he groaned, squeezing her ass and pulling her hips even closer to him. Billy licked a firm stripe from her entrance to her clit before sucking the bundle of nerves into his mouth. She was practically panting by the time he pulled off with a soft *pop*, then he was exploring her folds with his tongue again, eyes lifting to look at her face.

He really could get used to this view, loving the flush that colored Valerie’s cheeks and the way her hair fell over her shoulder as her head tilted back. She tasted better than he ever could’ve imagined in the times that he’d gotten himself off in the last few weeks, thinking about having her just like this. His hand slid down her thigh slowly, guiding her to settle her leg on his shoulder as her hand tightened in his hair.

Valerie wouldn't have been able to hold back the wanton moan that left her if she'd even bothered to try, breathing out a curse as he lapped at her folds hungrily. Her eyes were squeezed shut and she rocked toward him lazily, seeking out whatever extra friction she could find. She was so slick, a mix of her own wetness and his saliva, and if it didn't all feel so good, she might be embarrassed by the constant slew of whines and moans that were leaving her. The sounds of his mouth working against her, sucking at her folds, were absolutely filthy, and when she felt his two fingers tease at her entrance, Valerie nodded with a soft plea, eager for whatever he would give her.

"Yeah?" he hummed into her, letting them sink into her just barely. "You want my fingers in your pussy while I suck your clit?" He barely pulled away to speak, his lips brushing over her before he licked around his fingers teasingly.

"Billy, please," she breathed, finally tilting her head to glance down at him.

"You gotta say it, sweetheart," he mused, glancing up at her with a quick smirk before he was opening his mouth against her. As always, heat rose up her neck in response to his dirty talk and she let out an impatient sound when he didn't immediately give her what she wanted.

"I want you fingers inside me, please, I need more," she managed to plead, her hips already pressing toward his hand desperately. Valerie's fingers tightened in his hair enough that he hissed softly, and she saw darkness flash in his eyes when he looked up at her. He must've decided that was good enough considering his digits sank deep into her. Her head fell back as she cursed, her body already clenching around him.

Billy fingers fucked into her expertly, just as they had last time, curling against the spot inside her that made her gasp. He was watching her, looking up her body as he sucked her clit into his mouth, enjoying the way she rocked toward him. Her eyes were closed, her lips parted as she moaned for him again, and he scissored his fingers inside her to see what other sounds he could get from her. The motion didn't disappoint, and when he slid his other hand up the

outside of her thigh lightly, he could feel that her legs were shaking.

She was slick around him, that fact highlighted by the sound of his fingers pumping into her, her face flushing darker as her head fell back. Valerie couldn't help but tug at his hair, still wanting him closer, and when he chuckled in response, the sound vibrated through her. She felt hot all over, her sweater clinging to her as her other hand gripped the edge of the countertop for support. Practically chanting his name, her hips rolled against his hand, already feeling the pressure building low in her stomach.

Just when she was towing that line of falling into her orgasm, Billy pulled back, and a frustrated sound left her at the loss of his mouth. When she looked down at him, he was smirking, his thumb already moving to rub firm circles against her clit. His mouth was slick with her wetness, the sight alone making her whine as his fingers continued to fuck into her.

"You gonna cum for me, angel?" he murmured, turning his head to press a kiss to the inside of her thigh.

"Yeah," she sighed out, nodding as she continued to rock into his hand. "Wanna cum for you, Billy." Her voice was weak as she teetered on the edge and he hummed in approval, his mouth settling on her folds again.

Valerie's nails sank into his scalp as she cried out, her head falling back when the pressure inside her exploded. She rocked desperately against Billy's hand and his mouth, a slew of curses leaving her as she rested the majority of her weight on the cabinet behind her. Pleasure coursed through her as her body tensed, whining his name as he worked her through it. He watched her the whole time, loving the way her features twisted as she came for him.

When she finally came down, her shoulders sagged and she felt like she could barely keep her head up as her fingers carded through his hair. Still breathing heavily, she managed to open her eyes and glance down at him, her cheeks flushed. If his mouth wasn't still on her, lapping lazily at her sensitive folds, he would've been smirking at her, and another shudder ran through her.

“Mmph, too much,” Valerie whined, feeling over-sensitive after another moment of enjoying the slow motion of his fingers still working into her. He pulled back when she pushed at his head gently, already licking his lips as he pulled his fingers from her.

Billy guided her leg off his shoulder, keeping his hand behind her knee for a moment to make sure she was steady. She watched as he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, then sucked his fingers clean before getting to his feet again. As soon as he was at her level, her arm looped around his neck to pull him toward her.

Kissing him hungrily, Valerie hummed into his mouth, enjoying the taste of herself on his warm, plush lips. The hem of her skirt dropped to cover her, but her hips were already pressing toward his. She could feel the hard line of his cock straining against the fly of his jeans and she licked into his mouth, enjoying the sound he let out.

“Want me to take you to bed?” he asked, mouth barely leaving hers as his hands slipped under her sweater impatiently. Valerie’s mind was still buzzing as she nodded, glad to feel his hands moving over her skin finally. “D’you think you can walk?” The teasing tone to his voice was obvious as he pulled away, and Valerie rolled her eyes with a grin.

“I’m surprised you don’t want to fuck me right here,” she teased, already tilting her mouth up to kiss him again.

“Trust me, I do,” he responded with a chuckle, his hands sliding down to squeeze her ass through the fabric of her skirt. “Max and I agreed not to have sex in the common areas.”

“Oh, but going down on me here was fine?” she countered, letting out a contented sound as Billy’s mouth moved over her jaw.

“Shh,” he hummed, holding his index finger up to his mouth to earn a laugh out of her as he pulled away. His hand slipped into hers and he nodded toward the hall.

Valerie glanced around curiously as they moved through his place, noticing the stack of textbooks on the coffee table, and the framed photo on an end table of Max with people she thought she recognized

from Hawkins. The walk was short thankfully, and when Billy let go of her hand to turn on the lamp next to his bed, she took the chance to look around.

She'd always expected his room to be dark, maybe a little cluttered, with posters of half naked women on the walls, heavy curtains, and an unmade bed. Instead, the room was a pale yellow that glowed warm from the low light of the lamp. There wasn't much furniture, just a dresser next to the open closet door, the end table that housed the lamp, and his bed, that was in fact made. It was tidier than her own room, Valerie realized as her eyes drifted back to Billy.

He had already sat on the edge of the bed, leaning back with his weight on his hands as he watched her. His legs were spread, and he lifted a hand, motioning for her to come toward him. Valerie grinned as she moved closer to him, acutely aware of how wet she still was as she realized her underwear were still on the kitchen floor. His eyes were glued to her, even as he pulled his shirt off and tossed it in the direction of the hamper across the room.

Valerie did the same, tugging her sweater off as she stood between his parted thighs. His head was tilted back to look up at her, and her hand moved to push his hair back gently, feeling him lean into the touch. She pushed at his shoulder and Billy took the hint, leaning back onto the mattress as she reached around her back to unfasten her bra.

He cursed under his breath, hands already moving to unbutton his jeans so he could push them down his hips as Valerie kicked her skirt away as well. Billy sat up enough to reach for her, all but pulling her down to him as she straddled his hips. She leaned over him with a hand on either side of his head, biting her lip as she rocked herself along the obvious bulge of his cock, his black underwear the only fabric between them. His hand slid up her bare back with a pleased sound, leaning up to kiss her hungrily.

A frantic energy seemed to fall over them then, with Valerie moaning into his mouth when his hand came up to cup her breast. His thumb dragged over the hardened peak of her nipple to make her whine, her back arching into his touch. He moved his other hand from her hip to between her thighs, letting his fingers slide through her folds like he

couldn't help himself. The touch made Valerie keen softly, and just as quickly as he'd touched her, he was lifting his hips to slip his underwear down and free his cock.

He was still leaning up to her slightly when his mouth moved to her throat, settling on her pulse point as she felt his dick throb against her thigh. Valerie felt like she was burning, unable to get enough air in her lungs as she rocked toward him with a heady sound. He was still teasing at her nipple, twisting and tugging at it lightly between his thumb and forefinger to make a visible shiver run through her.

"C'mon, V," he murmured as she forced herself to sit up more, her hands pressing against his chest. "Ride my cock, angel, wanna feel you around me again." And how on earth was she supposed to say no to a request like that?

She shifted over him again slightly, one hand slipping between them to guide him to her entrance, and she noticed the way his eyes dropped as well to watch as she sank down onto his length. They groaned in unison as Billy's head dropped back onto the mattress, his hands settling on her hips where he couldn't resist squeezing her supple flesh. Valerie was trembling slightly by the time he was fully sheathed inside her, her hips flush against his as she took a few deep breaths. His hands didn't stay where they were for long, with one of them sliding back up to her breast when she slowly let her hips grind down toward his.

The sight of Billy Hargrove sprawled out beneath her like that was something she knew she wouldn't forget any time soon. His curls were already a mess from how rough she'd been with it when he was on his knees earlier, and his pupils were blown as he stared up at her. Valerie could practically see the restraint buzzing through him as her hips rose from his slightly before rocking down again. The motion earned a moan out of him, and the hand that had been on her hip moved to squeeze her ass.

Still sensitive from her earlier orgasm, each movement of her hips had Valerie sucking in short breaths and gasps as she settled into an easy rhythm of riding him. He felt bigger at his angle, and her nails scratched along his chest lightly as her jaw clenched.

“Fuck, that’s good,” Billy breathed appreciatively, his eyes dropping again to watch his dick sink into her. He was toying with her nipple still, palming at her breast with sounds of appreciation as he rocked up just slightly to meet the rock of her hips. “You look so fucking sexy like this, Val, holy shit.”

Panting, Valerie grinned and tried to focus more on keeping a steady rhythm versus speaking, unsure if she could ever string a sentence together by then. Eager to hear more praise from him, she started rocking down harder against his lap, enough that he groaned loudly for her. The slide was easy, given how soaked she was, and with each motion, his cock slid over her g-spot in a way that had her whimpering.

In need of more contact, Valerie leaned over him again, and Billy’s hand was quick to move from her breast to her jaw so he could guide her mouth to his. He licked into her mouth hungrily, still holding her jaw to keep her where he wanted her. The inside of her thighs were burning already, and her pussy tightened around him as she continued to ride him. She could feel Billy rolling his hips up into hers, and the way her clit pressed against his pelvis had her whimpering.

He swore loudly, and Valerie felt his arm wrap around around her waist tightly before he turned her onto her back. She was grateful for the change of position honestly, knowing that her rhythm had already grown sloppy as she got closer. His cock slipped out of her, and she made an annoyed whine. Billy chuckled softly with his knees planted between her thighs as he leaned over her. He was supporting himself with one hand on the mattress, the other between their bodies to just barely guide the head of his cock into her.

When he didn’t sink into her again, instead pulling back to slide through her folds, Valerie sucked in a breath through her teeth. Billy met her eye and he was smirking, loving the way her hips rocked in an attempt to guide him back inside her.

“You want it so bad, don’t you, sweetheart?” he mused, making her huff out a heavy breath.

The way she said his name was somewhere between a threat and a

plea, her arm looping around his neck to pull him down to her. He was smirking when his mouth found his and didn't bother teasing her further considering he was just as desperate for her as she seemed to be for him.

Billy pushed into her in one easy motion, dragging a high sound from her. His hand found the crook of her knee, guiding her leg over his hip as his hips snapped forward into hers. The firm thrust took her by surprise, making her groan as he built a rough pace.

Valerie's hand slid along his back, her nails scratching over his skin as she tried to arch up toward him more. They were both breathing heavily and moaning as their mouths brushed together, lacking much finesse as they chased their highs. Billy's mouth moved down her throat, nipping and sucking as he went, and the feeling of his teeth in her pulse point had Valerie moaning desperately beneath him.

"More, Billy," she breathed, her nails sinking into his shoulder as his tongue traced her collarbone. He hummed in acknowledgement, his hips pounding into hers at just enough of a different angle that it made her body jolt up towards him. The head of his cock was hitting her g-spot with each thrust, making short gasps leave her as her eyes squeezed shut.

He was murmuring to her, filthy things that she could barely hear over the sounds of her breathing and her heartbeat racing in her ears. It spurred her on either way, digging her heel into his ass for leverage to try and get him deeper still. She could feel herself tightening around him as pressure built up inside her again, leaving her practically clinging to him.

"Think you can cum for me again, V?" he said, his tone gravelly and suggesting he already knew the answer. As she nodded frantically, trying to push her hips toward him for whatever friction she could find, he sucked her nipple into his mouth with a groan.

His hand had slipped between their bodies to find her clit with ease, rubbing firm circles against the swollen bundle of nerves as his thrusts got a little sloppy. She was absolutely drenched, and hot against his hand, and he cursed, leaning up to kiss her hungrily.

Valerie welcomed the kiss, though it was all teeth and moans as her arm tightened around his neck more to keep him there. With the way he was pounding into her, still toying with her clit, it was easy for her to fall over the edge, and she did so with a loud groan of his name.

Her head fell back against the mattress as her hips rocked without much direction, just needing whatever she could get from him as her orgasm tore through her. Billy's mouth had settled on her throat again, his breath hot on her already flush skin as she came around his dick. She didn't doubt that he'd have raised scratches along his back and shoulder from her nails, but she couldn't bring herself to care about that right now.

Over the roaring of her ears, Valerie heard him curse loudly, and she made a sound of protest when he pulled out of her. Billy fucked into the space between their bodies, spilling hot onto her stomach with a deep grunt. Starting to come down from her high, Valerie's eyes opened to see his brows knit together, face creased with pleasure as his head fell forward slightly let his nose nudge against hers.

They were both panting, and Valerie felt like she could absolutely sink into the mattress. When Billy started to untangle himself from her, she made a pouty sound that made him grin as he dropped onto the bed next to her. Settling on his side, he was still breathing heavily, pressing his face against her shoulder. Valerie draped an arm over her forehead when she remembered how to move again and she could feel that her body was slick with sweat, as was Billy's next to her.

Her body was still buzzing when his hand slid along her jaw to turn her face towards him. She opened her eyes to see him already looking at her, his blue gaze soft and adding to the fact that the blood in her veins felt like lava. His thumb brushed over her lips, a soft smile tugging at the corners of his mouth as they stayed like that for awhile.

Billy was the first to move, exhaling a sigh as he pulled back and pushed himself into a sitting position. She noticed the way his eyes swept over her naked frame, lingering on the cum that he'd coated her stomach with, and she licked her lips as she rose her arms above

her head to stretch out on the mattress.

“Stay put, okay?” he said, letting his knuckles brush over her knee lightly as he got to his feet. “Gonna grab a towel to clean you up.” Valerie nodded, not sure she would’ve been able to move much if she’d wanted to.

She watched him walk naked to his closet, turning her head to keep her eyes on him as he returned with a towel. It was dark outside already, the room still filled with the warm glow of the lamp on his end table.

“What time is it?” she asked, her eyes on his face as he wiped up the mess he’d left on her stomach.

“A little after 9,” he responded after glancing at his alarm clock. He tossed the towel aside and leaned over her again to press a short kiss to her mouth, which took her by surprise.

Valerie didn’t doubt that her cheeks were still flushed, and her head still felt a little hazy by the time he pulled back. She finally sat up, smoothing her hair down as she glanced at the pile of her clothes on the floor, deciding that getting dressed was too much effort for the time being.

Billy had pulled on a pair of briefs and grabbed a pack of cigarette and a lighter off his dresser. When he moved back to the bed again, he had a black t-shirt in hand that he offered to her. She thanked him softly as he sat on the edge of the mattress next to her, pulling the shirt on over her head. It was impossible to ignore the smell of his cologne and smoke that clung to the fabric that made warmth settle in her chest. He was close enough that his thigh was touching hers, his eyes lingering on her as he fished a cigarette out of the pack.

“You want one, or are you just going to steal hits from mine again?” he asked, his voice a gentle grumble as he brought it up to his mouth to light. Valerie grinned, licking her lips quickly as she watched the end of the cigarette burn red.

“If you gave me one, most of it would go to waste,” she responded,

tucking her hair behind her ear. "So really, it's better that I just take a few drags from yours." There was a matter of fact tone to her voice that made Billy scoff softly as he shook his head.

"Yeah, yeah," he murmured, taking a long hit from the cigarette before offering it to her. He sucked a breath in through his teeth as she took it from him, his eyes on her as she lifted it between her lips. "You gonna leave your number for me so I don't have to wait another two weeks for you to call me again?" Smoke billowed from his mouth as he spoke, making him look like every bit of the sex god he was.

Valerie rolled her eyes, laughing softly before taking a drag from the cigarette. She was grateful that the smoke in her lungs gave her a moment to mull over a response. "I'll think about it," she told him finally, and it was his turn to roll his eyes, shaking his head as she grinned. She exhaled, then took another hit before passing it back to him.

They were sitting close enough that she could feel the warmth radiating off of him, and her eyes moved over the lines of his chest and shoulders. Part of her wanted to lean into him, because she had decided that she liked the feeling of his body against hers, regardless of if his dick was involved or not.

Silence had settled over them, and Valerie's eyes kept drifting back to his face. She had slept with him twice now, and was still struggling to believe that it wasn't all some sort fever dream. Despite being unsure of what his game was, what he was after, right then didn't seem like the best time to ask.

"You busy Thursday night?" Billy asked, leaning to tap the cigarette on the edge of the ashtray on his nightstand before offering it to her. Her fingers brushed over his as she took it from him, raising an eyebrow as she ran through her schedule in her mind.

"I don't think so. Just got class until 2," she responded, holding his gaze as she took a drag. "What'd you have in mind?"

He shrugged with one shoulder, running his tongue along his teeth. "Thought we could see a movie or something."

Both of her eyebrows raised then as she took a final hit from the cigarette before passing it back to him to finish off. "D'you actually want to watch the movie, or is seeing a movie an excuse for you to finger me in public?" she questioned, the teasing tone obvious in her voice.

The question made him laugh loudly as he shook his head. "What kind of Don Juan do you think I am?" he asked, still grinning as Valerie mirrored the expression.

"Oh, was that rumor about you getting Lisa Kramer off during a football game completely false?"

Billy's eyebrows knit together as he thought about it. "Probably not, but remember, Val, I'm a changed man," he assured her in an exaggerated tone as if he hadn't just eaten her out in his kitchen before fucking her into the mattress, and they laughed together again. "Okay, but really, which one was Lisa Kramer again?"

Valerie snorted, closing her eyes briefly as she tried to picture what the girl looked like. "Uhh, curly blonde hair, drove that car that was a really ugly shade of green," she said, enjoying this relaxed, funny side of him.

Billy tsked softly. "Yeah, that rumor was entirely true," he admitted, getting a burst of laughter out of Valerie. He was wearing that warm, genuine smile when she met his eye again, and it was one of those moments where it felt like time had frozen around them.

She had forgotten over the last several weeks that even talking to him felt good and natural, even if it was just them sitting there, still half naked and sharing a cigarette. The realization of how *calm* he seemed struck her, considering how anger had always seemed to vibrate from him before. Valerie still worried that she was wading into dangerous waters with him, but when he looked at her like that, the prospect of drowning didn't sound so bad.

Valerie watched as Billy shifted to lean back against his headboard, and he watched her right back before he tilted his head toward the empty space next to him. She knew if she got more comfortable than she already was, she wouldn't want to leave.

"You gonna sleep over?" he asked, seeming to sense her hesitation. Grinning apologetically, she shook her head.

"Not tonight," she said, wishing she was giving him a different answer. "I'm observing at the local high school tomorrow, so I've got to be up by 6."

"I've got an alarm clock," he countered, head tilted to the side slightly. He had to at least try, and it actually made Valerie feel good to know that he wanted her to stay over enough that he was trying to convince her. The grin she gave him made it clear that he wouldn't be able to talk her into it. "Do you have to be up that early every Monday?"

"Yeah. On Wednesdays, too," Valerie told him, and his nose scrunched up at the thought of having to do that twice a week. His expression made her grin, and she finally got to her feet to gather her clothes from the floor.

"You takin' off now?"

"I probably should." Disappointment laced her tone as she stepped into her skirt, and Billy sucked his teeth with a nod. His eyes were on her as she removed the shirt he'd given her and tossed it onto the bed.

"I'll walk you out," he said as he watched her fasten her bra before she pulling her sweater on.

Valerie nodded as he got to his feet and stepped around her to approach his dresser. He grabbed a pair of sweats and stepped into them, and somehow the sight of the sweats sitting low on his hips had her contemplating sleeping over.

"You decided if you're gonna leave me your number yet?" Billy asked, licking his lips as he moved closer to her. He picked up the shirt she'd left on the bed and pulled it on, and it was her turn for her eyes to linger.

Laughing, Valerie nodded. "Yeah, I guess I can do that," she said with a wide smile, her hands coming up to his shoulders before wrapping

her arms around his neck.

“There’s a pen and paper by the phone. You jot your number down, and I’ll grab your panties from the kitchen,” he told her, smiling as he leaned to just barely brush his lips over hers. She exhaled a breath, hating that that light kiss was all it took for her to want to start pulling her clothes off again already. Billy obviously knew what he was doing, considering the smirk on his face when he stepped away from her again and nodded toward the door.

She found the pen and paper where he’d said it would be, and she wrote her number down with a V next to it. He was back from the kitchen by the time she was finished, dropping the previously discarded underwear into her hand with another knowing smirk. Valerie put a hand on his shoulder for support as she stepped into them and he chuckled softly.

“You’re lucky I didn’t try to keep them,” he teased as she righted herself, his body still close enough to hers that he could easily have wrapped himself around her if he had less restraint. She scoffed in response to his word, rolling her eyes before she stepped away from him.

He watched her walk to the front door to step into her shoes, and he followed a few steps behind her to do the same. Reaching around her, he opened the front door for her and let her step onto the porch first.

“So, Thursday?” Valerie said as they crossed the street to where she’d parked her car.

“Yeah, Thursday,” he responded with a nod, licking his lips as she turned around to face him. “I’ll call in the next couple days to hammer out the details.”

“Okay, sounds good.” She smiled warmly at him as she nodded back, her keys in hand as she hesitated, content to linger there with him for a few more moments.

“It’s not too late for you to come back inside and get back in bed,” Billy reminded her with an earnest grin, enjoying the laugh he got out of her.

“Next time,” she assured him, her hand coming up to tuck her hair behind her ear.

“Next time,” he repeated with a brief nod as she watched his eyes dropped to her mouth.

Valerie wasn't sure which of them had moved first, just that his lips crashed into hers as his arm looped around her waist. His other hand was on her jaw, holding her in place there as he hummed into her mouth. She felt dizzy from it quickly, both of them hanging on to the last thread of their evening together. Pulling back, she rested her forehead against his as she took a breath, then pressed a soft, short kiss to his lips.

“I've gotta go,” she said quietly, laughing as she untangled herself from him. Billy pressed a kiss to her temple before he released her, taking a step back to give her room to open her car door.

“See you in a few days,” he told her, licking his lips again. She nodded with a smile, closing the door once she was in her seat. He exhaled a big breath as he started back toward the house, shoving his hands in the pockets of his sweats.

Valerie pulled away from the curb and exhaled a breath of her own, a contented, pleased smile tugging at the corners of her mouth.

Notes for the Chapter:

And, we're back! Obviously, I don't know much how you all are feeling about the story so far, but I really like this chapter, and I really enjoy exploring the softer, more mature side of Billy. The next chapter is going to be more about his perspective and the things that have changed in his life between the end of season three (sans him dying, obvs) and when he found Valerie at the bar! Comments are always appreciated, I'd love to hear from everyone, and I'm also cross-posting this to Tumblr on the sideblog @hoeforhops!